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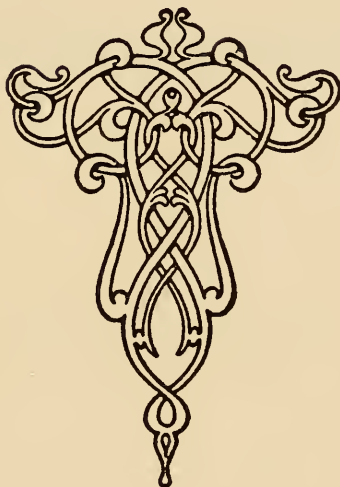






# VERSES

By MARJORIE DYRENFORTH



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CHICAGO  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN

PS 3509  
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NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN  
BY  
MARJORIE DYRENFORTH



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TO MY BROTHER



THIS EDITION, PRIVATELY PRINTED  
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*To Father and Mother*

---

TO FATHER AND MOTHER.

*On Their Wedding Anniversary.*

**Y**OUR wedded years have numbered now  
The total sum of three and twenty.  
May Fate continue to endow  
You both with blessings rich, in plenty.

As Nature lays her green aside  
For softer shades of brown and yellow,  
So may you gradually glide  
Within life's twilight, soft and mellow.

And in this haven may you rest,  
Long sheltered from all stormy weather;  
Possessing that of all most blest—  
A life of harmony together.

## *The Beacon*

---

### THE BEACON.

**W**HOSE humble dwelling crowns the rocks.  
Of Borough-by-the-Sea?  
Whose garden is it, edged with box,  
So gay with phlox and hollyhocks,  
And barred to whomsoever knocks?  
'Tis that of Myra Lea.

The sun has sunk beyond the hill  
With lingering regret.  
The weary birds have ceased to trill,  
The air is turning damp and chill,  
And yonder lamp which gilds the sill  
Projects her silhouette.

Unlike the village maids was she,  
So simple, poor and plain.  
She went her way, her heart as free  
As was her birth from pedigree;  
No suitor had poor Myra Lea,  
No lover in her train,

Until at length there crossed the bar  
Of Borough-by-the-Sea,  
A vagrant vessel from afar,  
Among whose crew a popular  
And careless, serenading tar  
Made love to Myra Lea.

## *The Beacon*

---

The village cronies glanced askance  
    Upon so strange a sight,  
And gossiped on the circumstance;  
But Myra, blessed with ignorance,  
Advanced among them in a trance,  
    Unconscious of their slight.

Thus April gave the reins to May,  
    As Nature doth decree.  
Yet ere there dawned the wedding day  
The townsfolk murmured in dismay,  
For lo! the ship had sailed away  
    From Borough-by-the-Sea.

For many years yon lamp has burned,  
    A beacon o'er the sea.  
And all the while yon soul has yearned,  
Whose eyes as yet have not discerned  
The ship which never more returned  
    To faithful Myra Lea.

*The Joy of Living*

---

THE JOY OF LIVING.

**T**IS the gladness,  
Not the sadness,  
Of this world should be reviewed.  
Would each writer  
Saw the brighter  
Side, through glasses rosy-hued.  
Let the cheerful  
Buoy the tearful,  
And the strong aid those who fall.  
For the blessedness of giving  
Is the blissfulness of living  
To us all.



## *A New Year's Greeting*

---

### A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

**F**ATHER Time, throughout the ages,  
Regularly turns the pages  
Of his volume. So again  
A year is spent and nineteen ten  
Appears upon a snowy leaf,  
In prospect long, yet all too brief  
Wherein to hold  
Things manifold  
Which one has planned to do.  
And now this calendar is o'er,  
And nineteen ten is at the door,  
I wish there may be many more,  
Replete with happiness, in store  
For you.

*To Katharine*

---

TO KATHARINE

**B**LESSINGS on thee, little maid,  
With face so fair and eyes so blue,  
And lips upon which Nature laid  
A touch of cherry's ripest hue.  
The saucy dimples come and go  
And play about thy dainty chin;  
A glimpse of coquetry they show,  
Sweet Katharine.

ROSAMOND

**F**ROM out the twilit sky there fell  
Twin stars as azure as the bell  
In yonder dell.  
And all the rosy-tinted morn  
Of sunbeams, golden as the corn,  
Was gently shorn:  
So Fate decreed, that eyes and hair  
Might be beyond compare.

The varied charms of every flower  
Most revered in Nature's bower  
Became her dower:  
While jewels of the purest kind—  
Chaste meditations, intertwined,  
Instilled her mind.  
Thus Nature touched but to adorn—  
And Rosamond was born.

A SUFFRAGETTE

**O**LD King Sol arose one day,  
Glanced o'er the world and far away,  
When suddenly, high in the sky,  
Fair Mistress Moon did he espy.

“What ho! What ho!” the monarch cried:  
“Am I by Mistress Moon defied?  
What! I, the ruler of the sky?—  
How dares she thus my might defy?”

But Mistress Moon for Sol cared naught;  
She cared not what he said nor thought;  
But dozed, clad in her silver sheen,  
As though King Sol she ne'er had seen.

Then old King Sol more angry grew,  
And round about his sunbeams threw.  
He vowed he'd melt fair Mistress Moon  
In hottest rays of blazing noon.

The sunbeams shot to no avail;  
The pale moon grew no whit more pale;  
So Sol gave up in sheer despair,  
And drove his chariot through the air.

And thus the mistress won the fight;  
She's in the sky from morn till night:  
No matter how the monarch scolds,  
She knows her rights—her rights she holds.

GRANNIE'S KNITTING

**G**RANNIE'S sitting with her knitting  
By the window, in her chair,  
In and out the needles flitting,  
Barely pausing in the air.

All is cosy, bright and rosy  
From the glowing grate near by.  
Grannie feels a trifle dozy—  
Shuts her eyes, and breathes a sigh.

Soon she's stirring; all unerring  
Up she takes her work again.  
And the sticks are fairly whirring,  
Making up the time they've lain.

## *The Betrothal*

---

### THE BETROTHAL

“**S**EE, Lotta, thy lover is coming this way,  
    Whilst there thou art dreamily sitting.  
He’s bringing the ring with him now, I  
dare say;

    So hasten to meet him  
    And tenderly greet him,  
My dear, in a manner befitting.”

Thus spoke Lotta’s mother, the forester’s wife,  
    From the kitchen where, bent on her labor,  
She skillfully handled her ladle and knife,  
    The dainties preparing  
    With effort unsparing,  
Nor pausing while greeting a neighbor.

Tomorrow the feast of betrothal was due,  
    And the air of the cottage was festive.  
The larder was teeming with viand and brew;  
    Yet Lotta, the bride,  
    And the forester’s pride,  
Was secretly, plaintively restive.

As Lotta, bewitching, in modest array,  
    One morn had sat busily churning,  
A handsome young huntsman had paused on  
    his way;  
    And shyly she laughed  
    When he drank in a draught  
Of the milk to an early returning.

## *The Betrothal*

---

The heart of the maiden would flutter anew  
With gladness whene'er she perceived him;  
While he grew more ardent with each  
interview,  
Protesting devotion,  
With tender emotion—  
And trustingly Lotta believed him.

Then followed long days when he never  
returned  
To the maiden whose love he had taken—  
Who wearily waited and constantly yearned.  
While bitterly grieving  
At slowly conceiving  
Herself to be coldly forsaken.

Now, Forester Fritz and the miller were gay  
At the pleasing result of their scheming;  
(For Lotta had always been used to obey)  
While Otto, enchanted  
At having supplanted  
All rivals, with rapture was beaming.

The day of betrothal was dismally gray,  
And damp with the falling of showers.  
The cottage was gay with abundant display  
Of pewter and plate,  
Never used but for state,  
And sweet with the odor of flowers.

## *The Betrothal*

---

With many a taper, as darkness advanced,  
The cottage was brilliantly lighted.  
The villagers came and both feasted and  
danced,  
With many a toast  
To the hostess and host  
And the couple whose troths had been  
plighted.

Within all was merry and bright, while the  
night  
Grew wilder with crashes of thunder.  
The heavens were rent by forked flashes of  
light—  
When abruptly a shout  
From the darkness without  
Brought all to a standstill in wonder.

“Who’s there?” cried the forester. “Enter, I  
pray;  
The more the more welcome and cheery.”  
“I,” came the reply, “have mistaken my way.  
For the castle I’m bound,  
But I’ve ridden around  
In a maze through the storm till I’m weary.”

“’Tis My Lord!” in amazement the forester  
cried;  
“The betrothed of her Highness! Believe  
me,



## *The Betrothal*

---

Your Lordship should bide for the storm to subside"—

“Nay, Forester, nay;  
I must speed on my way;  
Long since had they thought to receive me.”

The villagers clustered to watch him depart,  
Applauding the pledge he was keeping;  
But Lotta retired with tumultuous heart  
To her chamber, where, prone,  
By the casement, alone,  
She gazed at him, blinded with weeping.

*S p r i n g   S o n g*

---

SPRING SONG

**L**ET cheer  
    Banish tear,  
    And bid smiles reappear,  
    For the sunbeams have kissed  
    Every vestige of mist  
From the morn, and the robins are caroling  
    clear  
    In the tops of the trees,  
    While the soft southern breeze  
Is heralding widely that springtime is here.  
    Rejoice  
    Every voice,  
    And as buoyantly sing  
As the robins are singing a welcome to spring.

## *The Easter Bonnet*

---

### THE EASTER BONNET

**M**OST bewitching Easter bonnet!  
Pink, with roses strewn upon it;  
Frilled and laced,  
And satin-faced—  
Quickly she prepared to don it.

Clearly her determination  
Was to own the fair creation;  
Yet she tried  
Her scheme to hide  
With an air of hesitation.

Suddenly—he'll not deny it—  
When he saw her archly try it,  
Then and there  
And scarce aware,  
He had plead that he might buy it.

MACKINAC WOODS

**W**HERE shall we wander?  
Where fancy leads,  
Afar off yonder  
Where no one heeds.  
Along the trail where  
The woods are deep,  
And balsam-steeped air  
Induces sleep.

The shades are longer  
As on we go;  
The scent is stronger,  
And, ere we know,  
Our steps grow slower,  
Our eyelids lower,  
As, breeze caressed,  
The balsams o'er us  
Breathe low, in chorus,  
A drowsy "Rest."

*Twilight at Mackinac*

---

TWILIGHT AT MACKINAC

**T**HE west is aglow at the kiss of the sun;  
The indolent sails that went roaming  
Come lazily home, now the day is done  
To anchor at length in the gloaming.

The birds are at vespers high up in the trees;  
The balsams are crooning a blessing;  
The water, now brushed by the breath of the  
breeze,  
Is dimpling beneath its caressing.

The lights of the harbor gleam one by one;  
The glow with the gloaming is blending;  
And over the world, now the dusk is done,  
The shadow of night is descending.

*An October Day*

---

AN OCTOBER DAY

**O**H, the autumn leaves are flying,  
And the plaintive wind is sighing,  
For the late October day is damp and dreary;  
But we care not what the weather be  
When gathered here together we  
Draw closer to the fire,  
While the flames leap higher, higher,  
And the atmosphere within is warm and cheery.

## *The Season's End*

---

### THE SEASON'S END

#### Youth

**A**UTUMN is heralding Hallowe'en  
Hasten today, welcome tomorrow.  
Harvest is ripe and the blast is keen—  
Hasten today, welcome tomorrow.  
Life is the veriest merriest thing!  
What are the joys which the morrow will  
bring?  
Winter and snow and so-ho! we sing—  
Hasten today, welcome tomorrow.

#### Age

Autumn is heralding fall o' year—  
Linger today, tomorrow is sorrow.  
Winter of life is now drawing near—  
Linger today, tomorrow is sorrow.  
Leaves as they fall are as lives that are spent,  
Sapped of their strength, seared, useless and  
rent.  
The summit is gained; begun the descent—  
Linger today, tomorrow is sorrow.

SNOW-FLAKES

**T**HE wintry wind went racing  
Over mountain, over wold,  
And the many mortals facing  
It were shivering with cold;  
When a little spirit overhead  
Wrapped snugly in its featherbed  
Looked down upon the world and said:  
    "Now why not spare  
    A bit and share  
Our comforts with them all down there?"  
    And so  
The featherbeds went overflowing,  
    And lo!  
The mortals said that it was snowing!



*A Christmas Card*

---

A CHRISTMAS CARD

**S**ING a song of Christmas time—  
Mistletoe and Hollyberry!  
Lend an ear unto my rhyme,  
Bidding you be very merry;  
Trusting the ensuing year  
May fulfill each wish most dear,  
Adding to it every cheer  
And rejoicing—  
Hereby voicing  
All my wishes, most sincere.

## *The Man in the Moon*

---

### THE MAN IN THE MOON

**W**HAT a placid old man is the man in the moon—

Heigh-ho! Isn't it so?

He goes sailing along in his silver balloon  
While the clouds scurry round in a weird  
rigadoon

To the restless, tempestuous wind's shrilly  
tune—

Heigh-ho!

His inscrutable mien is sedately serene—

Heigh-ho! Isn't it so?

As he lazily sails on his endless routine,  
Unconcerned, though the elements fiercely  
convene;

A prince paramount of his lofty demesne—

Heigh-ho!

## *Sing a Song of Happiness*

---

### SING A SONG OF HAPPINESS

**W**HEREFORE sit a-grieving  
When a thing goes wrong?  
Though vexations come, they  
Never linger long.

So  
Look upon the bright side  
And sing another song;  
What's the use of worrying  
When little things go wrong?

Some are prone to ponder  
Why mishaps befall;  
Some are wont to wonder  
Why they live at all.

So  
To them who sing of sorrow,  
Whose days are dull and gray,  
Sing a song of happiness  
And drive their care away.

*To a Miniature*

---

TO A MINIATURE

**T**HOU bit of ivory incased in gold,  
With muslin fichu, filmy cap so sheer;  
A reminiscence of the days of old:  
That slender, oval face, with blue eyes clear,  
Which fain would speak, yet leave words still  
untold;  
Framed by rich auburn tresses, falling low  
On slender snow, white throat and muslin fold,  
With tendrils clinging to the classic brow.  
The satin cheek is as the damask rose,  
Embellished by the tender flush of youth;  
And in each feature of that artless pose  
Appear incarnate, purity and truth:  
Yet now those mobile lips have ceased to move  
Which erstwhile framed and uttered words of  
love.

IN ARCADY

**I** CHANCED upon an avenue  
Where Love and Youth were playing;  
Youth hearkening as Love did woo,  
Instinctively obeying.  
Entranced,  
I glanced,  
And then advanced,  
The brighter for delaying.

THE WIND-FLOWER

**A** WIND came up from out the sea,  
And, rustling through a glade,  
Espied a wee anemone  
A-growing there beneath a tree,  
And nestling in its shade.

“Ah! pretty flower, ah! gentle flower,”  
Quoth he, with pleasing grace,  
“Why dost thou lie there hour by hour,  
When I might take thee to a bower  
More suited to thy face?”

“Thou art most kind, oh gracious Sir,  
And yet I greatly fear  
That should I from this hollow stir  
Into the world’s great busy whir,  
I’d pine within the year.”

“That shouldst thou not,” the bold wind said;  
And flattered her, and sighed;  
Then, failing thus, he softly plead,  
Until her heart with pity bled,  
And blushing she complied.

Alas! again the wind blew past  
Within the very hour;  
His passing fancy could not last,  
And so unto the earth he cast  
The tender little flower.

*The Wind - Flower*

---

Ah, woe is me! ah, woe is me!"

The stricken blossom cried;

"I should have stayed at home with thee,  
Thou sheltering and kindly tree."

And then she smiled and died.

SONNY

**H**E'S my only little sonny;  
And the sweetest ever born.  
Just as sweet as clover honey  
And as sunny as the morn.

Sunny curls and sunny smile,  
Dancing dimples that beguile,  
Coming, going all the while—  
Sunbeams every one.

Soon my little one must grow;  
Curls and dimples both must go.  
Oh, that I might keep him so—  
Just a little son!



THE CHAPERON SPEAKS

**F**OURTEENTH day of February!  
Maids and bachelors be wary  
When a certain subtle fairy  
Launches forth his darts.

Some, as I've heard tell, deride him;  
Some, as well, have quite defied him;  
One and all we've ne'er espied him  
Practicing his arts.

For elusive is this fairy,  
Airy, wary, arbitrary.  
So take care lest he ensnare ye  
In his game of Hearts.

*In My Lady's Chamber*

---

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER

*(My Lady (drowsily))*

**O**PEN the casement, Anne, that I  
May bathe mine eyes in morning dew  
And lend mine ears unto the cry  
Of the blithesome thrush in yonder yew.

*Tire-woman (throwing open the casement)*

Your Ladyship, the morn is fair;  
The thrushes sing where the yew tree sighs,  
And the garden roses scent the air.  
Will your Ladyship be pleased to rise?

*My Lady (wearily)*

Ah me! my head doth sorely ache,  
So leave me, Anne, you need not wait.  
Methinks I did too early wake.  
Go fetch my dish of chocolate.

*Tire-woman (lingering)*

My Lady, straightway do I go,  
And yet might I make bold to say  
My Lord hath wandered to and fro  
Since faintest flush of break o' day.

*My Lady (petulantly)*

An' think you that I wish to know  
In what strange way my Lord doth spend  
His valuable time? Nay—go,  
And seek your forward ways to mend!

*I n M y L a d y ' s C h a m b e r*

---

*Tire-woman (aside)*

La! Here's a pretty pot o' fish!  
My Lord in grievance down below—  
My Lady here with ne'er a wish  
His Lordship's whereabouts to know.

(exit)

*My Lady (soliloquizing)*

Ah, heaven! Wherefore did I leave  
My parents' roof for such as this!  
Where I am left alone to grieve  
Whilst he doth gallivant, I wis.

I'll not submit—I'll not remain—  
I'll hie me thither with but Anne!  
His pleading shall be all in vain.  
I will not hearken to the man.

*(wistfully)*

The morn doth scarce appear so fair  
As Anne remarked on looking out.  
But, hist!—a step upon the stair—  
I wonder what my Lord's about!

*(eagerly)*

Mayhap he thinks me still asleep!  
Perchance'tis he upon the stair!  
In truth I'll through the key-hole peep  
And note his Lordship unaware.

'Tis nearing now my very door—  
La, what a most uncertain state!  
'Tis here—Anne! Ah, you fearful bore—  
Nay, I'll not taste the chocolate!

*I n M y L a d y ' s C h a m b e r*

---

*Tire-woman (coaxingly)*

Come, take, I pray your Ladyship,  
A morsel of this light repast.  
Of chocolate but take a sip  
To break your Ladyship's long fast.

*My Lord (without)*

Egad! Will not my Lady eat?  
Come hither, Anne, present her this.

*My Lady*

Ah, heaven! how my heart doth beat—  
Is aught, Anne, with my robe amiss?

*Tire-woman*

Your Ladyship, my Lord hath sent,  
To tempt your dainty appetite,  
These berries, trusting you have spent  
A restful, quite unwakeful night.

*My Lady (joyfully)*

Oh, Anne, you saucy minx, away!  
Nor stand thus lingering to prate!  
Arrange this curl and this—but nay!  
I'll have my Lord no longer wait.

*My Lord (entering)*

My lady-love! Ay, verily  
'Tis love which overcometh wrath.  
Come—don thy gown and stroll with me  
A-down the dew-kissed garden path.

*Curtain.*

SPEAKING OF INCUBATORS

**O**LD Mother Plymouth Rock affirms:  
While incubators "do,"  
They cannot scratch about for worms  
As Mother does for you.

They're popular, as I've heard tell,  
These queer new-fangled things;  
And yet withal they can't excel  
Your mother's ample wings.

*A Hunt on the Mountain*

---

A HUT ON THE MOUNTAIN

*Written in 1900*

**H**IGH up on the mountain side, covered  
with vines,  
Stands the hut where the wood-cutters  
bide;  
Where at length they tramp wearily home  
through the pines  
To sit watching the coming eventide.

The housewife in apron and cap makes the  
broth,  
While the men tell their stories outside;  
The table she spreads with a snowy white cloth  
For the meal of the still eventide.

The hut now is cold and deserted and still;  
No longer it glows 'mid the pines:  
No longer lie crumbs for the birds on the sill—  
But still it stands, covered with vines.

## *The Daffodil*

---

### THE DAFFODIL

*Written in 1901*

#### The Child

**P**RETTY little daffodil,  
Growing on the grassy hill,  
Oh, just let me gather thee—  
Thou'rt so sweet and fresh to see.

#### The Flower

Prithee, little maiden dear,  
Do not pluck me, for I fear  
That I should be cast away  
Ere there dawned another day.

LOCHINVAR UP TO DATE

**O**H! Albert Clarke Raleigh's come out of  
the west,  
Like young Lochinvar, a fair lady his  
quest;  
And save Cupid's arrows, he weapons had  
none;  
He came all unarmed, and he came all alone,  
To carry off Jessie McCutcheon afar,  
To the mounts of Montana, this young  
Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Binderton hall,  
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers  
and all.  
So stately his form and so charming her face  
That never a hall such a couple did grace.  
The bride, with a smile, tossed her shower  
bouquet,  
And amid a rice hailstorm they hastened away.

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall door, and the  
motor stood near.  
So light to the tonneau the lady he swung,  
So light to the cushions beside her he sprung.  
"She is won—we are gone over bank, bush and  
scaur  
On our honeymoon journey!" quoth young  
Lochinvar.



A TOKEN

**T**HE wine shop in the ancient rue Condé  
Resounded with a merry, motley throng,  
Assembled there to while the hours away  
In low debauchery with wine and song.

Presiding at the counter, old Marie  
Gazed sullenly upon the sordid scene  
Of low carousal, carnal revelry,  
No smile upon her sour and jaded mien.

A woman passed, and from her arms a child  
Gazed innocently on the revelry;  
Then, from its throne, turned back and  
sweetly smiled  
Upon the hardened face of old Marie.

And she, who in long years had never smiled,  
Acknowledged then the tribute of a child.

*A n A c c e p t a n c e*

---

AN ACCEPTANCE

**I**N pleasant contemplation  
I accept your invitation  
For the afternoon of Tuesday on the  
twenty-first of May.  
With decided trepidation  
I shall polish up my wits.  
For the witty  
Of the city  
Will be gathered on that day.  
Then all haste to my dress-maker,  
With materials to take her,  
For a special new creation—  
Let us only hope it fits!

REGRETS

Homeward bound on the S. S. Graf Waldersee  
Reply to J. W.'s "Tea-party invitation."

**A** previous engagement forces me to stay  
away.  
Believe me, I am quite as disappointed  
as can be.  
Perhaps, if I'm invited, I will come some other  
day,  
Behind the ventilator, on the upper deck to  
tea.

Your vis-à-vis  
M. D.

*A n   I n v i t a t i o n*

---

AN INVITATION

(*Mackinac*)

**B**ENNET Hall—  
With keen anticipation,  
I extend this invitation  
To you all.

As the day is bleak and dreary,  
And there's nothing much to do;  
Come and help me make it cheery  
With a cup of tea or two.

There's a chance it may be other  
Than a tea—don't know as yet;  
All arrangements left to Mother—  
But do come, and don't forget.

*To the Bride*

---

TO THE BRIDE

**D**AN Cupid hath a passion,  
In his quaint, capricious fashion,  
For the subtle rôle of go-between, nor  
will he be denied.

Thus through him is love requited,  
Troths are plighted, hearts united.  
Here's a tribute then to Cupid, and a health  
unto the Bride!

## *R e t r i b u t i o n*

---

### RETRIBUTION

#### Or The Selfish Owl

**T**HE owl glanced up at the wet round moon  
And "Tu-whit!" quoth he,  
"'Tis plain to see  
That a storm is brewing; 'twill be here soon;  
So I'll shelter me  
In yon hollow tree."

Two owlets came to the hollow tree.  
"Pray, do not say  
That we may not stay,"  
They plead, but the old owl cried "Tu-whee!"  
And turned them away  
Without delay.

The heavens blackened, the wild wind blew,  
The lightning flashed  
And the thunder crashed,  
But the old owl chuckled and cried "Tu-whoo!"  
All unabashed  
As the Furies lashed.

And the owlets wandered to and fro,  
While the owl in glee  
From the hollow tree  
Laughed as he watched them turn to go,  
And "Tu-whit!" quoth he,  
Right merrily.

## *R e t r i b u t i o n*

---

Quoth the owl "Tu-whoo! and glad am I  
That I sheltered me  
Thus thoughtfully!"  
When a flaming bolt from the storm-swept sky  
Struck suddenly  
At the hollow tree.

When the storm had passed, and through a  
haze  
The moon shone bright  
On a peaceful night,  
The little owlets came to gaze  
On the sorry sight  
Of the old owl's plight.

## *The Morning Star*

---

### THE MORNING STAR

**I**MPATIENT, worn, fatigued, I lie from  
want of rest,  
Tossing upon my bed when sleep has  
ceased:

Riding delirious upon a billow's crest.

When, lo! I look into the brightening east,  
And there I see, high in the heavens afar,  
Shining, glorious, the morning star.

I raise myself. I look with joy upon the light;  
How peaceful and how still the planet seems!  
My lids grow heavy with the restful sight;  
I slowly drift into the land of dreams.  
Yet still I seem to see in heaven afar,  
Shining, beauteous, the morning star.



DEW-FALL

**A** shadow's fallen on the sun,  
And on a cheek a tear  
Lies dew-like, now the day is done,  
And slumber time is near.

The zephyr with its sobbing sigh  
Comes whispering at the pane,  
And breathes a tender lullaby,  
Then steals away again.

The moon is full of misty tears;  
The stars are blinking, too;  
And o'er the drowsy world appears  
A coverlet of dew.

Come, cuddle down and snuggle down,  
For slumber time is here;  
And Sleepy Town will smooth the frown  
And dry away the tear.

BY-LO

**T**WILIGHT is here and the wee stars show—  
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo—  
Wee weary eyelids are drooping low—  
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo—  
Someone I know is ready to go  
Off to the garden where fantasies grow;  
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, isn't it so?  
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo—

The Dream-boat we'll take with its phantom  
crew—  
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo—  
You and Mother, dear, just we two—  
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo—  
Then off we will sail on the Sea of Dew  
Till the shores of Dreamland come to view;  
Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, isn't it true?  
Heigh-ho, sing by-lo.

*A n I d l e L a y*

---

AN IDLE LAY

**W**HILE I lay idly whiling  
Sunny springtime hours away—  
For the hammock was beguiling  
And the day was one in May—

Oh, I might have written many  
Things—the thoughts were in my head—  
But I never finished any  
For—I went to sleep instead.

*Dorothy Trott and the Spider*

---

DOROTHY TROTT AND THE SPIDER

**M**ISS Dorothy Trott,  
In her pink polkadot,  
Was up in the attic at play,  
When she gave a great scream,  
For down from a beam  
A spider was making his way.  
“Ah—ha!” said the spider,  
“I’ll sit down beside her  
As I sat by Miss Muffet one day!”  
But Miss Dorothy Trott  
Said, “Well, I guess not!”  
And the spider was killed right away.

TOMMY LOVEJOY

**O**H, Tommy Lovejoy  
Was an angel-faced boy  
Who always said "Please" and "No,  
thank you."  
Whose mother was never—  
That is, hardly ever—  
Compelled to say, "Mind, or I'll spank you!"  
His heart was so kind  
That one day he confined  
His dog in the closet to whimper.  
"Because he will shout  
With joy to get out,"  
Said Tommy Lovejoy with a simper.

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ANGELICA MILDE

**A**NGELICA Milde  
Was a credulous child  
Immune from all effort to joke her;  
Whose father preferred  
To bridge whist, I have heard,  
The older diversion of poker.

One morning while shaking  
Her poor little quaking  
Angora, she cried "What a pity!  
It simply won't come,  
And 'twas such a big sum  
That Daddy put into the kitty."

NAUGHTY BILLY

**T**HE time our rector came to tea  
He ate up all the angel food,  
And Billy was so mad that he  
Just up and hollered "Hully Gee!  
There ain't a single bit for me!"  
And Pa said, "Silence! Don't be rude!"

And then there was an awful scene,  
'Cause Pa was mad and Ma was sad;  
But Billy hid behind the screen,  
And, "What's the difference between  
Them two?" he said to Mr. Green.  
"Why, Ma's madame and Pa's d——n mad."

And Mr. Green was shocked, and then  
He never came to tea again.

## *L u l l a b y   L a n d*

---

### LULLABY LAND

**O**H, Lullaby Land is a wonderful place;  
The trees are all trimmed with a spun  
sugar lace;

There are ginger-bread houses with candy-  
cane lanes,  
And for common conveyances, rocking-chair  
trains.

The jungles are brimful of animals rare,  
And the king of them all is an old Teddy Bear.

So, ho! for the mystical, air-castled shore  
Of Lullaby Land with its fairy folk-lore.  
Where merry old Santa Claus rules his domain  
In the principal highway called Evergreen  
Lane.

Away on the trail, for it's not very far  
If you follow the tail of a wee shooting star.



## *The Manx Cat*

---

### THE MANX CAT

**P**OOOR tailless pussy cat! if I  
Were only very rich,  
The very first thing I would buy  
Would be for you a switch;  
And where your tail should grow, I'd try  
The little switch to hitch—oh, my!  
But what a pretty pussy cat  
You'd be if I could just do that!

## *The Village Cobbler*

---

### THE VILLAGE COBBLER

**T**HE cobbler plies, with a tick-tack-too,  
His magic tools on the leathern shoe,  
And pulls his needle through and through  
With worthy industry,

Till candle lighting time draws near,  
And shining stars through the dusk appear,  
When work is done and all is cheer——  
A merry merry man is he.

*When Miss Helen Goes A-Walking*

---

WHEN MISS HELEN GOES A-WALKING

*Written in 1900*

**W**HEN Miss Helen goes a-walking,  
You can hear the people talking  
Of her figure, and her grace,  
And her pretty oval face.

When she walks without her mother  
All the lads can see no other.  
Quick they whisper, "Here she comes!"  
And bring forth their sugar plums.

If at one she glances kindly,  
Back he crowds the others blindly.  
Bliss with her to stroll and talk  
When Miss Helen goes to walk.

## *Heart o' Mine*

---

### HEART O' MINE

**T**HE mother bird is cooing all her little ones  
to rest  
'Neath the swaying hemlock branches,  
in the lofty-hanging nest.  
And the evening zephyr, crooning, rocks it  
gently to and fro,  
While the glow worms in the darkness light  
their lanterns down below.

Hush-a-by, 'tis slumber time  
Heart o' mine.  
Close each eye for there's the chime,  
Heart o' mine,  
Of the curfew tolling eight  
Oh, the sandman's very late,  
But we have not long to wait,  
Heart o' mine.

The starlit world is silent and the dew is on the  
lea;  
The tardy moon is peering cautiously above  
the sea;  
And the fireflies are flitting to the crickets'  
serenade,  
While the lonely owl is roaming in the dark,  
deserted glade.

## *Heart o' Mine*

---

Hush-a-bye, 'tis slumber time,  
Heart o' mine.  
Close each eye for there's the chime,  
Heart o' mine,  
Of the curfew tolling eight—  
Oh, the sandman's very late!  
But we have not long to wait,  
Heart o' mine.

EVENSONG

**T**HE lady moon is sailing on her way  
Among the clouds of gray.  
The little stars are blinking wearily  
At you and me.  
Come, close your eyes and hear the crickets'  
song.  
They too will sleep ere long.  
And every little bird is in its nest,  
At rest, at rest.

The low wind lisps a drowsy lullaby  
And wafts the night owl's cry.  
The evening mists are falling stealthily  
O'er land and sea.  
Come, close your eyes and journey toward the  
shore  
Of Dreamland folk and lore.  
The moon will guide you by her silver light —  
Good-night, good-night!

*M a r g i n s   o f   t h e   D a y*

---

MARGINS OF THE DAY

**T**HE dawn has come, as o'er the heavens a  
rosy light  
Steals lovingly, dispelling one by one  
The truant stars, last vestige of a waning  
night,  
Proclaiming to the world a day begun.

The dusk has come, as from the fading dome  
of sky  
The sun drops hidden in a bank of cloud.  
The silver moon appears, at first but pale and  
shy,  
And darkness wraps the world as in a  
shroud.

AU REVOIR.

**W**E mourn not the leaves in the fall of the  
year,  
For we know,  
Though the snow  
Bids them vanish, that lo!  
Ere long with the robin's song they will appear.

And thus will it be with our halcyon hours, -  
For although  
We all go  
Divers ways, oh! I know  
We shall all meet again with the bloom of the  
flowers.











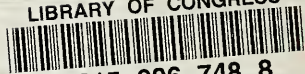


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